THE FARMER'S TALK TO FARMERS

Look Ahead—To Foresee is to Succeed

(Written Specially for The Bulletin.)

One of the distinctions between successful and unsuccessful men is that the successful man is foresighted—he sees ahead, a long ways ahead. Now, no man can see ahead if he is looking up into the air or down on the ground or sideways over his next-door neighbor's backyard, or behind him at day before yesterday. Or any 'other way except looking forward—keeping his eyes on the future and the beyond. "Hitch your wagon to a star," counselled Emerson. He wasn't thinking of a literal star, far withdrawn in the infinite depths of blue night; he used the word figuratively to suggest something ahead of us and above us, a little but of our reach, perhaps, but something which would certainly hold our eyes and our attention to the front, and keep us moving in that direction.

All the successful statesmen of the world have aimed high and far ahead at the very start. Napoleon, when he was actually only a "Little Corporal," was dreaming of the Grand Army and the mastery of Europe. Disraeli failed almost pitifully in his first attempt at a speech in the house of commons. "The time will come when you will hear me," he said, smiling. People remembered that when, as premier of England, parliament hung breathless on his words. All the successful money-getters of the world have aimed high and looked far ahead at the very start. Astor was seeing half a century into the future when he invested all the money he could lay his hands on in pasture lands and swamps outside the then limits of Little Old New York. Looking ahead, he foresaw the time when his cheap land would be worth hundreds and thousands of dollars a square foot instead of fifty dollars an acre. Rockefeller, Morgan, Carnegie, these giant gobblers of our own day, saw ahead of them and reckoned on the future but enormous profits to be had from oil monopoly or railroad manipulation or steel-making combination. All the great molders and makers of civilization, the poets and the authors and the prophets, have begun by seeing the gracious vision of the far off future and by setting their steps in that direction. Tennyson isn't the only one who "dipt into the future far as human eyes can see."

Life is short, to be sure, reckoning it in terms of geologic aeons or astronomical eternities. But it is long, reckoning it in seconds and minutes. The average young man who has reached 18 has before him the likelihood of perhaps 19,000 days of life, over 450,000 hours. Assuming that he spends one-third of his hours in sleep, he still has more than 300,000 to reckon with. When he's reached 18 it's high time that he shall have made up his mind whether he is going to live those 300,000 hours each one for itself and with little thought of the future, or whether he is going to treat them as a bunch and start on some sort of plan to make them dovetail together into the framework for success.

Once, a many, many years ago, the grizzled old friend who had lived nearly 70 years of life and had seen and felt its gains and its losses, abruptly asked me: "How old are you?" I was then under 20, and told him so. "Ah," he murmured, "if I were only your age—and knew all I know now." His eyes were on his own past, not on me, as he spoke. A moment later he actually blushed over his own words as I came back into his vision, and he thought how it might sound to me and how I might take it. He began to apologize. "Dear friend," said I, "don't change a word. I understand. God knows I wish that with my 30 years I had your 70 years' experience and knowledge. If I could give you the years back again and you could give me the experience, we two could make one town sit up and take notice, eh?" Silently he reached over and shook my hand. He saw I understood.

Now, the point I'm driving at is that there isn't any business or avocation on earth which more insistently calls for or will more adequately reward foresight and look-ahead-itiveness than our business of farming. Don't assume that I mean none which will pay more money. I'm not thinking chiefly of money, but of manhood, which is worth more, both to the world and to its possessor. Money is just like hash and hasty pudding, something we use to live with. But it's not life, nor the object of life, any more than hash and hasty pudding are. If any young fellow of 18 or 20 has the idea that money is the only or the largest object of life, he isn't fit to be a farmer and live among God's nobler pumpkins and cabbage-heads!

Farming is a life business. It is one to learn slowly and very carefully. It is one where we must build as we go along, and where we must be sure to lay good foundations—foundations to stand the racket of years—even before we begin to put up the frame. The very nature of the business makes us figure ahead for a considerable time. All this summer I've been planning for 1911's truck patch. As the crops developed and ripened to profitable maturity or sickened to comparative failure, I've been forecasting the next season. "We mustn't put peas here again; something wrong with the soil; they don't do well and can't be made to."—"That's the best bit of Country Gentleman corn we've ever raised; give it the same ground and the same treatment next spring."—"Everybody says this is the very finest and sweetest celery I ever had; I must be sure to get the same strain of seed from the same seedsman, next year."—"That heavy dosing with fish-scrap gave me simply tremendous spinach and lettuce, but it didn't seem to be worth much for onions; Mem. for next year, more fish-scrap on the lettuce patch and something with less nitrogen and more potash on the onion bed." So it has gone. We are all doing this sort of thing, whether we raise garden truck, or corn and potatoes, or oats and rye and buckwheat. We have to. We are compelled to think of 1911 in terms of 1910. We are always reckoning in the spring on the harvests of summer and fall.

But the most of us fail to "git thar" with more than one foot at a time because, in our life work, a single year or a single rotation period in our field crops isn't much to consider. It has taken God unthinkable millions of years to get the hills and intervals and ledges and swamps of your farm into their present shape. He doubtless could have done it in the fraction of a second—if He wanted to. But that isn't His way. He has acted through the almost infinitely slow processes of gravitation and erosion and the other evolutions of natural law. The farmer who thinks he can find out, in his 300,000 hours, all about what God has been putting into one acre in 300,000 millenniums, has more "gall" than judgment. It's a life work to find out a part of what we ought to know about the top six inches of that acre. The sooner he begins, the more apt he will be to get at least into his "A-B, abs" before the time comes for him to crawl under the green coverlet of the hillside cemetery.

The trouble with most of us is that we don't begin soon enough and don't look ahead far enough. "Si jeunesse savait,"—"If youth only knew"—say the French. Of course youth never knows—it never can know, for certain. But it can look ahead and try to forecast the probable future, and the more it does of this the nearer it will come to discounting that future. Of course John Jacob Astor didn't actually know, when he bought land above Canal street at $50 an acre, that he would be able to sell it at $50,000 an acre before many years. But he had watched the movement of things; he had studied the tendency of population and business; he looked ahead; twenty, thirty, fifty years ahead, and put his hand and his hopes on that future. His doing so made him the richest man of his time and erected his name into a synonym for boundless wealth.

There's a future for us farmers, us of the on-coming generation, anyway. We're passing through a period of readjustments, political, ethical, social, economic readjustments. The time is coming when politics isn't going to be all greed and graft; when morality is going to mean more than a veneer of hypocrisy over a filling of corruption; when business is going to be something other than a game of "heads-I-win-tails-you-lose." When that time comes the farmer isn't going to be compelled to take five cents a pound for the lamb which the butcher sells at 25 and 28 cents; nor a dollar a barrel for the apples which the fruit dealer sells at five or ten dollars. He is not going to be compelled to use worn out old plugs to drive to church while the middleman skiddoos over the horizon rim in his $6,000 automobile. He isn't going to be required to work hard fourteen hours a day to get the mere necessities of life when economists are agreed that if all men did useful work, less than half those hours would supply all the demands of civilization.

The time is coming, and its dawning even now shows cheerily over the eastern hills, when the farmers of the land will come into their own and their lives become real living instead of mere existing. It's the best time that ever was for young men with sane minds in sound bodies to "get on the band-wagon" which is moving towards that destination. Perhaps my figure is wrong; I should say the best time to hitch their hopes and their aspirations and their vigor to that band-wagon and help to pull or push it forward. Instead of flocking from the farms to the city, the young men of the country, if they could be got to look into the future and see the possibilities which it is holding before them, would turn back contentedly and hopefully and helpfully to their ancestral acres, and join at least in building the smooth and level highway on which the chariot of their eventual success shall roll.

It's a life job. We must take it as such. We are not day laborers. We are called for all the years we have. The sooner we begin the more and better work we can do. The longer our outlook the surer our success. We build not for the passing hour, but for the coming years. It's a work to undertake early and one to stick to. It calls not only for vigor but for patience. Did you every think of God's patience? I don't mean merely His patience with you and me, "miserable sinners," but His patience with the whole round world and the illimitable universe which is but the emanation of His will—the patience before which "a thousand years are but a yesterday when it is past?" The farmer who possesses even a glint of the divine foresight and even a grain of the divine patience—for him there is sure a success beside which mere money getting is dismal failure.

THE FARMER.

Appearance of Prosperity.

The first essential in drawing new trade is to prove that you already have a prosperous business. The public believes that if a man is winning out he will be doing a large business, and that if his business is small, it proves that he does not "have the goods."

These things go largely by appearances. The liberal advertises gets the credit of doing a big business whether he is or not. If he sticks to his publicity programme for a reasonable time, he is sure to get the big trade merely because he makes the public believe he already has it.

On the other hand, the man who advertises in a meager manner is generally credited with being out of the game.

A small space in the newspapers is held to indicate small hopes of getting the trade, and it brings a small share of public interest. The size of your business will bear a close relation to the ratio between your advertising and that of your competitors.—Meriden Journal.

Buenos Ayres is the fourth city in the two Americas, and 20 per cent. of all the people of Argentina live within a radius of 20 miles of the capital.

AS JOB JOLT SEES IT

The hogs that get crooked legs for lack of exercise are not human hogs. They seem to be immune.

The farmer who crawls up on weather worn and rotten old ladders to fix the barn or prune the trees may save a dollar and break his neck.

No farmer is rich enough to afford to buy poor cows; and it is the poorest economy that a farmer of limited means can possibly enter upon.

Samantha Psalter says that when powdered sugar gets hard it is easier to run it through the food grinder than it is to reduce it to powder with a rolling pin; and she generally knows what she is talking about when it concerns victuals.

The farmer who gives his stock apples, carrots or potatoes two or three times a week discovers that it is good for them and of real value to him.

Parson Dawson tells us that the peacemakers are blessed; but Bill Bangs says that the pacemakers appear to him to reap the most substantial rewards.

Many a man who expects his wife to have eagle-eyes in his interest is as blind as an owl in the daytime to anything that concerns her.

The hired help who break down the trees when picking fruit are about as profitable as the horse that runs away with the milk wagon.

It is better to keep the stock in good condition all the time than it is to let them get lean and then make special effort to get them fat again.

Cy Cymbal says that he cannot afford to dress well because he has the burden of a great thirst. Cy has plenty of fool company in this field.

The scythe that hangs out in an old tree all winter is not in first-class shape to cut grass with the following July.

The man who knows enough to let a settin' hen alone is not that wise when he meets a quarrelsome woman.

Do not dig potatoes in a hurry that are menaced with rot, for cold weather will kill the fungi and more of them can be saved by digging them later.

Sariah says that the man who looks forward to see what's going to happen has the man who is watching what has happened beat to death.

Mrs. Dawson says she doesn't see why men should get so excited and swear over politics any more than they should over their Sunday-school lesson.

The fowls that are small of their age bring fancy prices now, and that is about all there is fancy connected with them.

MUSIC AND DRAMA

May Blaney has chosen to play the hen pheasant in "Chantecler."

Elbert Hubbard is to appear in vaudeville over the Orpheum circuit, starting at Los Angeles.

Frederick Warde began his season Monday at Lancaster, Pa., in Shakespeare's "Timon of Athens."

Liebler & Co. will make their production of Mascagni's new opera, "Ysobel," November 14, at the New theater, New York.

Monday began the third week of the whirlwind laughing engagement of Sam Bernard in "He Came from Milwaukee," at the Casino, New York.

Maxine Elliott will open her season at the Maxine Elliott theater, New York, in "The Inferior Sex." Later in the season she will have a new play.

Margaret Anglin's new comedy, in which she will appear under the management of the Liebler firm, is called "The Backsliders," and will come to production on Christmas day.

An American premiere, a metropolitan opening, and three acts representing the cream of European variety, make the bill at Percy G. Williams' Colonial theater, New York, a powerful one, this week.

"The Merry Wives of Windsor" will be the first production of the regular repertoire company at the New York theater, New York. The production, with Edith Wynne Matthison in the cast, will be made November 7.

The zenith of stage realism is reached in "The Spirit Wave," the marvellously beautiful dance of La Pia, the European danseuse who will be the star feature of the bill at Percy G. Williams' Bronx theater, New York, this week.

There is a call for young men competent to play the French horn or oboe. It is stated that such players formerly got little more than $1,000 a year, but that now, owing to the brisk demand, they can make from $2,500 to $4,000, provided they are experts.

Four concerts will be given by the Volpe symphony orchestra, at Carnegie hall, New York, on Sunday afternoons, December 4, January 8, February 12, and March 19. Among the soloists will be Alessandro Bonci, Alexander Heilemann, Joseph Malkin, and Henrietta Michaelson.

So great have the applications been for seats at the first of the four East Side subscription performances to be given at the New theater, New York, beginning next Monday night, that the directors have decided to throw open the entire top balcony. This balcony was closed when alterations to the auditorium were made.

One of the biggest combinations in any of the branches of business associated with theatricals, according to The New York Review, is being quietly formed. This is nothing less than the amalgamation of all the leading publishers of popular music doing business in this country. The Witmarks are the prime factors in this movement.

WANT TO ENTER CITY.

Shore Line's Petition to Run Tracks Into New Haven.

A petition from the Shore Line road for permission to enter the city of New Haven has been received by the board of aldermen of this city. The company wishes to cross the Connecticut company's tracks in Quinnipiac avenue at grade, then cross the meadows on a private line and to connect with the tracks of the Connecticut company at Ferry and State streets.

The Duke's No Piker.

The Toledo Blade says Miss Elkins believes in counting a hundred before she marries a duke. Huh! The report is the ducal condition requires that she count five millions.—Houston Post.

THE SOCIAL CORNER

The woman whose price was above Rubies made her Own Dresses—See Proverbs xxxi

THREE PRIZES MONTHLY: $2.50 to first; $1.50 to second; $1.00 to third. Award made the last Saturday in each month.

EVERY WOMAN'S OPPORTUNITY.

The Bulletin wants good home letters, good business letters; good helpful letters of any kind the mind may suggest. They should be in hand by Wednesday of each week. Write on but one side of the paper.

Address, SOCIAL CORNER EDITOR, Bulletin Office, Norwich, Conn.

NEW COMERS TO THE CORNER

The variety of letters this week for the Social Corner shows that there is live interest in the department and that the resourcefulness of the writers may be banked upon with assurance. "Sweet Sixteen" comes to the front and other young people will be sure to follow her example, and as a jollier "Jack the Hunter" is sure to please many readers. Inquiries are always in order, and everybody is invited to write of the matter which most interest them.—EDITOR SOCIAL CORNER.

How to Accomplish Results.

Editor Social Corner: The Corner is a real help to women who haven't time to think—the woman who thinks she never shall be able to catch up with her work. Let me suggest a few ways to do things: When the hole in knee stockings is too big to darn set in a patch from another similar stocking. Next cut off stocking just at ankle, turn upper around so that the patch will come back of the knee when on. Sew together again, open and tack seams and the result is one that will satisfy the most particular mother. Be sure to stretch material when sewing ankle seam.

To make grape catsup, take five pounds of grapes and press through a colander, add two and one-half pounds of sugar, one pint of vinegar, a tablespoonful each of cinnamon, cloves, allspice and cayenne pepper and a half a tablespoonful of salt. Boil until rather thick; bottle and seal. This is nice with meat or poultry.

To make potato soup, into a generous tablespoonful of mashed potato beat gradually a pint of new milk. Stir over the fire until very hot, then stir in a heaping teaspoonful of cornstarch dissolved in a little cold mik. Boil, still stirring, until there is no raw taste of cornstarch in the soup, and season with salt and a little minced parsley. The potato must be free from lumps. Rice may be substituted but must be well mashed, and the milk must be added slowly.

With the unlined narrow skirts now in style it is necessary to wear petticoats to harmonize in color with almost every frock. This is the despair of the woman of average income who finds it hard to own one silk petticoat, much less an assortment. The difficulty is solved by adjustable frills or flounces, which come ready to adjust to any top. These flounces promise such popularity for the coming season that they can now be bought ready made in all materials, from the sheerest lingeries or rich silks to durable mohair. With a well-fitting yoke top or a jersey top a flounce of any color is buttoned on or can be adjusted by drawn-strings through top of flounce.

I hope these receipes and suggestions may be found of value by some sisters of the Corner. POLLY POE.

Stylish Headwear.

Editor Social Corner: It may not be presuming too much if we think some of the sisters do their millinery work and that a few hints upon prevalent styles may help them.

The little girl will look bewitching in the childish adaptions of the turban and mushroom shapes. They are made of silk to be had in felts and beavers as well as in made up hats of silks and satins. Some are trimmed with ribbons, some with flowers and lace, and some with all three. Apparently, one need have no fear of getting a hat over-trimmed, so elaborate are many of the ones now being shown.

In children's hats there is a wide variety from which to choose. For those who like extremes there are caps of beaver or felt, with the distinctive chantecler quill or feathers. For the small boy of about three nothing is in better taste than the soft beavers, with the narrow brim tilted a little upward on the right side. The ribbon band is finished with two ends which fall just to the edge of the brim. These hats are to be had in the more usual shades, but the blacks and blues are, perhaps, the greater favorites.

The fascinating little cap, well called bavolet because it does indeed resemble the peasant cap, promises to be a popular innovation here this winter. For some time the French women have worn these little caps either under their large hats or quite by themselves, for evening. They are made of the most exquisite soft fabrics, silver or gold net, and tissue, being special favorites. They are in shape quite like the so-called mob cap, the sole trimming being a flower, cord, frill, lace or something equally simple placed coquettishly at the left side.

These homely hints may be of some use to mothers handy with the needle.

Norwich. MILLINER.

Munchausenisms of Real Merit.

Members of Social Corner: Stop! Look! Listen! Valuable information given Free! Hints for the shooting season! For you who are timid and prefer not to use a gun is this valuable information especially written. Great success in the sporting line awaits you. No longer your friend pokes fun at you and shows you his half-filled hunting bag. You may even surprise him by displaying a full one.

Start out some nice frosty morning, taking with you an iron bar, and a few apples,— sweet ones are the best. Go straight to that rabbit burrow your friend was going to visit to-morrow and follow these directions. Smash a few apples on the iron bar and stick it down the hole. Then wait, and in a few moments the rabbits will come up and lick the bar. You pull it out quick! It is so cold that their tongues will stick fast to it. Why I've pulled out a dozen at a time that way!

Never did like guns very well, but I often used one. One morning last season I had just used my last shell when a nice fat rabbit jumped out on the path before me. Quick as a flash I put my hand into my pocket and pulled out a large piece of shoemaker's wax. Without thinking I stuffed it into the gun and aimed straight at the rabbit's head. It took him clean between the eyes, but only stunned him. Rushing wildly down the path, he ran head first into another rabbit coming up, and there I found them, both stuck together by the wax. I had no difficulty in catching them, and I find this method so much easier than using lead, that I think I will do a great deal of hunting that way this season.

I had a friend who was a great lover of the chase. One morning he started out for the woods and took an axe with him, thinking it might come in handy if he treed some game. He set the axe up beside the tree nearby, and calling his beautiful large dog started off down the trail. Just then a fox jumped out from the brush ahead of him. On went the dog like mad, after the fox, and ran straight into the broadaxe! When my friend came up he found his noble dog lying there cut exactly in half.

Now didn't he feel pretty bad? Well, I guess, but he was always rather bright of mind and hasty in action, so quick as thought he seized a bottle of Twentieth Century glue which he had with him, and dawbing it on both sides of the dog, stuck him together. Up jumped the dog like lightening for the fox and caught it. To the amazement of my friend he found he had glued the dog together wrong! Two of his feet were on the ground and two in the air! But this proved to be a great improvement, for when he got tired of running on two legs, he just flopped over and ran on the other two.

I tell you this last incident as a sort of warning. Never go hunting without a bottle of glue in your pocket, for you know accidents will happen. May you all be benefited by these valued hints, and have a large "catch" this season. JACK THE HUNTER.

Norwich.

Condensed Milk as a Substitute.

Editor Social Corner: The "Courier" has the same old "New England Spirit" that has always made it popular, and, although I have been living in the "Sunny South" for six years, each "Courier" reminds me that my "home" paper is the best reading matter I get; but, being a woman, I naturally find it more interesting since the "Social Corner" was formed. The various advices and recipes from the New England house-wives are very helpful.

With milk at 9 cents per quart and not up to the standard at that, I have substituted condensed milk as follows: For bread or rice pudding when one quart cow's milk is desired, I dissolve three heaping teaspoonfuls condensed milk in one pint water; this is equal to one pint cow's milk; therefore only one pint cow's milk is needed for a pudding.

For layer cake: One teaspoonful condensed milk dissolved in one cup cold water is equal to one cup cow's milk.

When frying pork chops, make a batter of 2 eggs and bread crumbs well mixed; dip each chop in the batter, and one pound of chops served in this way will go as far as 2 pounds served plain.

In large cities, where rents are high, as well as food and milk, house-wives need economical recipes. The New England house-wife surpasses all for frugality. Will some one give me a cheap recipe for salad-dressing.

Is there not a remedy to keep a gas range from rusting?

I hope to get nearer New England sisters through the Social Corner.

"SUNNY SOUTH".

Washington, D. C.

Frugal Domestic Methods.

Editor Social Corner: First of all, I want to thank all the sisters who sent answers for "Green Tomato Pickle." I was interested in the one without onions, as we like that best. The Bulletin is all right, isn't it. Some of the letters on the saving question were especially interesting to me. I save a great deal in making over or cutting down clothing for little folks. We wear a garment as long as it holds together.

In laundry I use neither starch nor blueing. In cooking we do not have fancy dishes at all. Deserts not more than two or three times a week, but we always have plenty of vegetables.

In cake, I never use but one egg, even if three or four are ordered.

In money matters, I save all I can. My husband saves the 50 cent pieces, and we teach the children to put their money in a little bank. When it is full it is emptied and put into the savings bank.

I wonder if the sisters would be interested in my weekly schedule of work. House six rooms; family of six or seven. Monday is washday; Tuesday ironing, and I iron only outside clothing, table linen and pillow slips. All else is put away, folded smoothly; Wednesday is baking; Thursday wash again; Friday ironing and sweeping; Saturday baking and cleaning of kitchen.

Of course there are always extra things that have to be done, but I try to follow the rosin rule. Sometimes the tasks run over into the afternoon; but the dirty work is done in the morning. I always go out doors in the afternoon for an hour or two. Sewing is done between times.

I noticed a misprint in my other letter in regard to aprons. I said: "table oil cloth aprons saved gingham ones." Cut out desired shape, put tape around the neck to hang by, and around the waist. Goodbye for now. Best wishes for the Corner.

MRS. P. H. W.

A Sunshiny Letter.

Editor Social Corner: How kind of you to allow us young girls to become members of your Social Corner. I am sure we shall enjoy it, and I am looking forward to many pleasant exchanges of ideas, and no doubt when we get into any little difficulties, which we might do, we can have the older members to help us out of them.

While spending a few vacation days this summer in another city I attended a Wild West Show. It was very thrilling and many daring feats were performed. Between the acts Cowboys dressed in costume distributed a poem to the audience. I will give you but one verse, the poem contains four, but the Editor might think I wanted the whole corner to myself. It is called—"A Broncho's Religion?" I never like to see a man a 'rasslin' with the dumps 'Cause in the game of life he doesn't always catch the trumps. But I can always cotton to a free and easy cuss. As takes his dose and thanks the Lord it isn't any wuss. There aint no use o' kickin' and swearin' at your luck. Yer can't correct the trouble mor'n you can drown a duck. Re-member, when beneath the load your sufferin' head is bowed, That God 'ill sprinkle sunshine in the trail of every cloud.

Norwich, Ct. ELSIE.

Sweet Sixteen Makes Suggestions.

Editor Social Corner: I for one thank you for inviting us into your Cozy Corner. Many times I have wished that I might write and tell some of my young companions of a few pretty things I make; and I hope they will do the same, as we shall all no doubt want to make many pretty things for the holidays.

Do any of you press autumn leaves? You know the leaves should be collected before the rains bleach them. After being carefully pressed and dried, they can be prepared by being dipped into a mixture of white wax and a little gamboge. Keep the wax at proper temperature so that it does not set in lumps on the leaves, or on the other hand curl or crimp them.

Have any of you ever planted a sweet potato? If the beauty of the foliage of this vine were more widely known it would be more frequently used as an ornamental plant. It can be used in water or in earth in pot. Select a sound potato of good size, let it set upon the edge of the vessel with the lower end just touching the water. A good deal of heat is required to start it, then give it a sunny place and plenty of water. If it is to be trained to run up over the windows, remove all except two or three of the stronger sprouts. It is a beauty if grown in a vase set upon a bracket. In this case a number of small and tendershoots are preferable to a few large ones. All the care needed is to supply it with water which the leaves take up and evaporate rapidly.

SWEET SIXTEEN.

No Mouth for Devilled Ham.

Dear Sisters of the Social Corner: When forty years have gone over our heads, the time seems to go much faster.

It has been so short of time since the springbirds were singing and now the leaves are taking on their various shades of color which bespeak the dawn of Autumn.

Thanksgiving is but a little ways ahead, when we shall give thanks to God for the many blessings and benefits we have enjoyed through His bounty during the past years, and for the repast which on that day we shall prepare.

I have no mouth for devilled ham, but admit that I have a ready tooth for angel cake. I have to omit the fancy dishes and be content with plain and nourishing food which I believe is best for us all.

I think the admission of the men and the young folks to the Social Corner will greatly increase the interest in it. I do know men who find pleasure in reading the letters who might be more entertained by letters from one another. I enjoyed Uncle Jim's letter.

Moosup. FRANK.

A Housewife Chats Sensibly.

Dear Sisters of the Social Corner: It has been some time since I have been a contributor to the Corner, but I have been enjoying your letters all the time. Now I imagine I hear some of the sisters say, "Just returned from her vacation." No, not a bit of it. When I hear anyone say vacation I don't know whether to laugh or cry, but I assure you I have wasted no time in the shedding of tears because it is my honest opinion that the majority of the housewives and mothers in the rural districts have been doing about the same as I have the past three months. Baking, broiling, stewing, washing and ironing, making preserves and jelly with the making of a few aprons and a suit or two for the children thrown in; even though we did try to get the sewing all done before the busy season. Too busy to write, but we could read a letter at a time, perhaps, when the steak was broiling or the pies browning.

Well, now the "Vacations Are Over" I for one feel as though I could draw a long breath and set the pace a little slower and am looking forward to the long winter evenings when I can read my magazines that have been laid aside almost without notice through the busy summer months.

Sisters, please do not think I am complaining of my lot, for I would not deceive you thus. I have enjoyed almost every moment of this past summer though hard at work most of the time. I have enjoyed my three meals, slept well at night and feel better now than many who have had nothing to think of but their own pleasure. I have done much of my work out of doors and have enjoyed the songs of the birds, the flowers and the sunshine.

Now, Sisters, before I close this letter I want to sound a note of warning about closing your houses too tightly, especially at night when the colder weather comes. Neither can you afford to be a fresh air crank if you have delicate little children to care for. Try to find a happy lodging place between the two. This is how I manage after several years of experimenting. Provide a way of heating the bed rooms. I like a small wood stove. They are so easily shut off at night and fire can be so quickly started in the morning to warm the rooms for the children's dressing. When they are snugly tucked in their beds and warmly covered, open the window but be sure the bed is not where the air will blow directly on the little sleepers. I am confident that we save much more every year in doctor's bills than we spend for extra fuel by leaving the windows open, besides the care and anxiety of sickness.

Yours for health and happiness,

A HOUSEWIFE

Of the Rural District.

Little Helps.

Editor Social Corner: There are several little things that are convenient which may be home-made. Do you know how to fix a window so that it may be left open and cannot be raised any higher. It is by screwing a hinge butt on the side of the window, two or four inches above the half-sash and placing it on the frame so that when half is open the lower sash can only be pushed up to it. This will stop a person from getting in from the outside.

To prop the window up, small holes just large enough for a cork to slip in should be bored out on corresponding places in either side of the casing. Two corks then slipped into place at either side in the corresponding notches, will serve nicely to keep the window up. These are little things but they save worry and steps.

Sterling. MATILDA.

A Bad Example.

Those rich people who smuggle set a bad example to those poor people who merely steal.—Chicago News.